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Marriage has been arranged



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**No. 77.**

# **A Marriage Has Been Arranged**

**A DUOLOGUE**

**A Comedy in One Act**

**BY**

**ALFRED SUTRO**

**Author of "The Cave of Illusions," "Women in Love," etc.**

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Dramatization in 3 acts, by Anne Crawford Flexner from the novel by Alice Hegan Rice. 15 males, 11 females. 1 interior, 1 exterior. Costumes modern and rustic. Plays a full evening.

A capital dramatization of the ever-beloved Mrs. Wiggs and her friends, people who have entered the hearts and minds of a nation. Mrs. Schultz and Lovey Mary, the pessimistic Miss Hazy and the others need no new introduction. Here is characterization, humor, pathos, and what is best and most appealing in modern American life. The amateur acting rights are reserved for the present in all cities and towns where there are stock companies. Royalty will be quoted on application for those cities and towns where it may be presented by amateurs.

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## A Marriage Has Been Arranged

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SCENE—*The Conservatory of No. 300 Grosvenor Square*  
Hour—*Close on midnight. A ball is in progress*  
*and dreamy waltz music is heard in the distance.*

(LADY ALINE DE VAUX *enters, leaning on the arm of MR. HARRISON CROCKSTEAD.*)

CROCKSTEAD. (*Looking around.*) Ah—this is the place—very quiet, retired, romantic—et cetera. Music in the distance—all very appropriate and sentimental. (*He motions her to sit in chair R. of table L. C. She moves to settee R. and sits at L. end.*) You seem perfectly calm, Lady Aline?

ALINE. (*Sitting.*) Anterooms are not unusual appendages to a ball-room, Mr. Crockstead; nor is this anteroom unlike other anterooms.

CROCKSTEAD. I wonder why women are always so evasive!

ALINE. With your permission we will not discuss the sex. You and I are too old to be cynical, and too young to be appreciative. And besides, it is a rule of mine, whenever I sit out a dance, that my partner shall avoid the subjects of women—and war.

CROCKSTEAD. You limit the area of conversation— But then, in this particular instance, I take it, we have not come here to talk? (*Moving R. at back of settee and sits beside her.*)

ALINE. (*Coldly.*) I beg your pardon!

CROCKSTEAD. (*Sitting beside her.*) Lady Aline, they are dancing a cotillon in there, so we have half an hour before us. We shall not be disturbed, for the Duchess, your aunt, has considerably stationed her aged companion in the corridor, with instructions to ward off intruders.

ALINE. (*Very surprised.*) Mr. Crockstead!

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CROCKSTEAD. (*Looking hard at her.*) Didn't you know? (*ALINE turns aside, embarrassed.*) That's right—of course you did. Don't you know why I have brought you here? That's right; of course you do. The Duchess, your aunt, and the Marchioness, your mother—observe how fondly my tongue trips out the titles—smiled sweetly on us as we left the ball-room. There will be a notice in the "Morning Post" to-morrow: "A Marriage Has Been Arranged Between—"

ALINE. (*Bewildered and offended. Rises.*) Mr. Crockstead! This—this is—

CROCKSTEAD. (*Always in the same quiet tone.*) Because I have not yet proposed, you mean? Of course I intend to, Lady Aline. Only as I know that you will accept me—

ALINE. (*Rising, in icy tones.*) Let us go back to the ball-room.

CROCKSTEAD. (*Quite undisturbed.*) Oh, please! That won't help us, you know. Do sit down. I assure you I have never proposed before, so that naturally I am a trifle nervous. (*LADY ALINE moves to fire place.*) Of course I know that we are only supers really, without much of a speaking part; but the spirit moves me to gag, in the absence of the stage-manager, who is, let us say, the Duchess—

ALINE. I have heard of the New Humour, Mr. Crockstead, though I confess I have never understood it. This may be an exquisite example—

CROCKSTEAD. By no means. I am merely trying to do the right thing, though perhaps not the conventional one. Before making you the formal offer of my hand and fortune, which amounts to a little over three millions—

ALINE. (*Fanning herself.*) How people exaggerate! Between six and seven, I heard.

CROCKSTEAD. Only three at present, but we must be patient. Before throwing myself at your feet, metaphorically, I am anxious that you should know something of the man whom you are about to marry.

ALINE. That is really most considerate!

CROCKSTEAD. I have the advantage of you, you see, inasmuch as you have many dear friends, who have told me all about you.

ALINE. (*With growing exasperation, but keeping very cool.*) Indeed?

CROCKSTEAD. I am aware, for instance, that this is your ninth season—

ALINE. (*Snapping her fan.*) You are remarkably well-informed.



CROCKSTEAD. I have been told that again to-night, three times, by charming young women who vowed that they loved you. Now, as I have no dearest friends, it is unlikely that you will have heard anything equally definite concerning myself. I propose to enlighten you.

ALINE. (*Satirically.*) The story of your life—how thrilling!

CROCKSTEAD. I trust you may find it so. (*Sits on R. end of settee.*) Lady Aline, I am a self-made man, as the foolish phrase has it—a man whose early years were spent in savage and desolate places, where the devil had much to say; a man in whom whatever there once had been of natural kindness was very soon kicked out. I was poor, and lonely, for thirty-two years: I have been rich, and lonely, for ten. My millions have been made honestly enough; but poverty and wretchedness had left their mark on me, and you will find very few men with a good word to say for Harrison Crockstead. I have no polish, or culture, or tastes. Art wearies me, literature sends me to sleep—

ALINE. When you come to the chapter of your personal deficiencies, Mr. Crockstead, please remember that they are sufficiently evident for me to have already observed them.

CROCKSTEAD. (*Without a trace of annoyance.*) That is true. I will pass, then, to more intimate matters. In a little township in Australia—a horrible place where there was gold—I met a woman whom I loved. She was what is technically known as a bad woman. She ran away with another man. I tracked them to Texas, and in a mining camp there I shot the man. I wanted to take the woman back, but she refused. That has been my solitary love affair; and I shall never love any woman again as I loved her. I think that is all that I have to tell you. And now—will you marry me, Lady Aline?

ALINE. (*Very steadily, facing him.*) Not if you were the last man in this world, Mr. Crockstead.

CROCKSTEAD. (*With a pleasant smile.*) At least that is emphatic.

ALINE. See, I will give you confidence for confidence. This is, as you suggest, my ninth season. Living in an absurd milieu where marriage with a wealthy man is regarded as the one aim in life, I have, during the past few weeks, done all that lay in my power to wring a proposal from you.

CROCKSTEAD. I appreciate your sincerity.

ALINE. Perhaps the knowledge that other women were doing the same lent a little zest to the pursuit, which

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otherwise would have been very dreary; for I confess that your personality did not—especially appeal to me.

CROCKSTEAD. (*Cheerfully*). Thank you very much.

ALINE. Not at all. Indeed, this room being the Palace of Truth, I will admit that it was only by thinking hard of your three millions that I have been able to conceal the weariness I have felt in your society. And now—will you marry me, Mr. Crockstead?

CROCKSTEAD. (*Serenely*.) I fancy that's what we're here for, isn't it?

ALINE. (*Stamping her foot*.) I have, of course, been debarred from the disreputable amours on which you linger so fondly; but I loved a soldier cousin of mine, and would have run away with him had my mother not packed me off in time. He went to India, and I stayed here; but he is the only man I have loved, or ever shall love. Further, let me tell you I am twenty-eight; I have always been poor—I hate poverty, and it has soured me no less than you. Dress is the thing in life I care for most, vulgarity my chief abomination. And, to be frank, I consider you the most vulgar person I have ever met. Will you still marry me, Mr. Crockstead?

CROCKSTEAD. (*With undiminished cheerfulness*.) Why not?

ALINE. This is an outrage. (*Xing to L.*) Am I a horse, do you think, or a ballet-dancer? Do you imagine I will sell myself to you for your three millions?

CROCKSTEAD. Logic, my dear Lady Aline, is evidently not one of your more special possessions. For, had it not been for my—somewhat eccentric preliminaries—you *would* have accepted me, would you not?

ALINE. (*Embarrassed*.) I—I—

CROCKSTEAD. If I had said to you, timidly: "Lady Aline, I love you; I am a simple, unsophisticated person; will you marry me?" You would have answered, "Yes, Harrison, I will."

ALINE. (*L. c. fanning herself*.) It is a mercy to have escaped marrying a man with such a Christian name as Harrison.

CROCKSTEAD. It has been in the family for generations, you know; but it is a strange thing that I am always called Harrison, and that no one ever adopts the diminutive.

ALINE. That does not surprise me: we have no pet name for the East wind.

CROCKSTEAD. The possession of millions, you see, Lady Aline, puts you into eternal quarantine. It is a kind of yellow fever, with the difference that people are perpetu-

ally anxious to catch your complaint. But we digress. To return to this question of our marriage—

ALINE. I beg your pardon?

CROCKSTEAD. I presume that it is—arranged? (*Moving R. a little.*)

ALINE. (*Haughtily.*) Mr. Crockstead, let me remind you that frankness has its limits: exceeding these, it is apt to degenerate into impertinence. Be good enough to conduct me to the ball-room. (*She moves to C. opening.*)

CROCKSTEAD. You have five sisters, I believe, Lady Aline? (*ALINE stops short.*) All younger than yourself, all marriageable, and all unmarried?

(*ALINE hangs her head and is silent.*)

CROCKSTEAD. Your father—

ALINE. (*Fiercely.*) Not a word of my father!

CROCKSTEAD. (*R*) Your father is a gentleman. The breed is rare, and very fine when you get it. But he is exceedingly poor. People marry for money nowadays; and your mother will be very unhappy if this marriage of ours falls through.

ALINE. (*Moving down C.*) Is it to oblige my mother, then, that you desire to marry me?

CROCKSTEAD. Well, no. But you see I must marry someone, in mere self-defence; and honestly, I think you will do at least as well as anyone else. (*ALINE bursts out laughing.*) That strikes you as funny?

ALINE. If you had the least grain of chivalrous feeling, you would realize that the man who could speak to a woman as you have spoken to me—(*she pauses*)

CROCKSTEAD. Yes?

ALINE. I leave you to finish the sentence.

CROCKSTEAD. Thank you. I will finish it my own way. I will say that when a woman deliberately tries to wring an offer of marriage from a man whom she does not love, she deserves to be spoken to as I have spoken to you, Lady Aline.

ALINE. (*Scornfully.*) Love! What has love to do with marriage?

CROCKSTEAD. That remark rings hollow. You have been good enough to tell me of your cousin, whom you did love—

ALINE. Well?

CROCKSTEAD. And with whom you would have eloped, had your mother not prevented you.

ALINE. I most certainly should.

CROCKSTEAD. So you see that at one period of your life you thought differently— You were very fond of him?

ALINE. I have told you.

CROCKSTEAD. (*Meditatively.*) If I had been he, mother or no mother, money or no money, I would have carried you off. I fancy it must be pleasant to be loved by you, Lady Aline.

ALINE. (*With mock curtesy. Sitting in chair above table L. c.*) You do me too much honour.

CROCKSTEAD. (*Still thoughtful, moving c.*) Next to being king, it is good to be maker of kings. Where is this cousin now?

ALINE. In America. But might I suggest that we have exhausted the subject?

CROCKSTEAD. Do you remember your "Arabian Nights," Lady Aline?

ALINE. Vaguely.

CROCKSTEAD. You have at least not forgotten that sublime Caliph, Haroun Al-Raschid?

ALINE. Oh, no—but why?

CROCKSTEAD. We millionaires are the Caliphs to-day; and we command more faithful than ever bowed to them. And, like that old scoundrel Haroun, we may at times permit ourselves a respectable impulse. What is your cousin's address?

ALINE. Again I ask—why?

CROCKSTEAD. I will put him in a position to marry you.

ALINE. (*In extreme surprise.*) What! (*Rise.*)

CROCKSTEAD. Oh, don't be alarmed, I'll manage it pleasantly. I'll give him tips, shares, speculate for him, make him a director of one or two of my companies. He shall have an income of four thousand a year. You can live on that.

ALINE. You are not serious?

CROCKSTEAD. Oh yes; and though men may not like me, they always trust my word. You may.

ALINE. And why will you do this thing?

CROCKSTEAD. Call it caprice—call it a mere vulgar desire to let my magnificence dazzle you—call it the less vulgar desire to know that my money has made you happy with the man you love.

ALINE. (*Moved.*) That is generous. (*Sitting in arm-chair below table L. c.*)

CROCKSTEAD. I remember an old poem I learnt at school—which told how Frederick the Great coveted a mill that adjoined a favourite estate of his; but the miller refused to sell. Frederick could have turned him out, of course—there was no County Council in those days—but he respected the miller's firmness, and left him in solid possession. And mark that, at that very same time, he annexed—in other words stole—the province of Silesia.

ALINE. Ah—

CROCKSTEAD. (*Moving to fireplace R.*)  
 “Ce sont là jeux de Princes:  
 Ils respectent un meunier,  
 Ils volent une province.”

(*Music stops.*)

ALINE. You speak French?

CROCKSTEAD. I am fond of it. It is the true and native language of insincerity.

ALINE. And yet you seem sincere.

CROCKSTEAD. I am permitting myself that luxury to-night. I am uncorking, let us say, the one bottle of '47 port left in my cellar.

ALINE. (*Rise and move towards settee R.*) You are not quite fair to yourself, perhaps.

CROCKSTEAD. Do not let this action of mine cause you too suddenly to alter your opinion. The verdict you pronounced before was, on the whole, just.

ALINE. What verdict?

CROCKSTEAD. I was the most unpleasant person you ever had met.

ALINE. That—was an exaggeration.

CROCKSTEAD. The most repulsive—

ALINE. (*Quickly.*) I did not say that. (*Sits at L. end of settee.*)

CROCKSTEAD. And who prided himself on his repulsiveness. Very true, in the main, and yet consider! (*Sitting on R. arm of settee R.*) My wealth dates back ten years; till then I had known hunger, and every kind of sorrow and despair. I had stretched out longing arms to the world, but not a heart opened to me. And suddenly, when the taste of men's cruelty was bitter in my mouth, capricious fortune snatched me from abject poverty and gave me delirious wealth. I was ploughing a barren field, and flung up a nugget. From that moment gold dogged my footsteps. I enriched the few friends I had—they turned howlingly from me because I did not give them more. I showered money on whoever sought it of me—they cursed me because it was mine to give. In my poverty there had been the bond of common sorrow between me and my fellows: in my wealth I stand alone, a modern Ishmael, with every man's hand against me.

ALINE. (*Gently.*) Why do you tell me this?

CROCKSTEAD. Because I am no longer asking you to marry me. Because you are the first person in all these years who has been truthful and frank with me. And because, perhaps, in the happiness that will, I trust, be yours, I want you to think kindly of me. (*She puts out her*

*hand, he takes it; they move arm in arm to c. and stop.*) And now, shall we return to the ball-room? The music has stopped; they must be going to supper.

ALINE. (*Archly.*) What shall I say to the Marchioness, my mother, and the Duchess, my aunt?

CROCKSTEAD. You will acquaint those noble ladies with the fact of your having refused me. (*Moving up c. together.*)

ALINE. I shall be a nine days' wonder. And how do you propose to carry out your little scheme?

CROCKSTEAD. I will take Saturday's boat—you will give me a line to your cousin. I had better state the case plainly to him, perhaps?

ALINE. That demands consideration. (*Releasing her arm from his.*)

CROCKSTEAD. And I will tell you what you shall do for me in return. Find me a wife!

ALINE. I?

CROCKSTEAD. You. I beg it on my knees. I give you *carte blanche*. I undertake to propose, with my eyes shut, to the woman you shall select.

ALINE. And will you treat her to the—little preliminaries—with which you have favoured me?

CROCKSTEAD. No. I said those things to you because I liked you.

ALINE. And you don't intend to like the other one?

CROCKSTEAD. I will marry her. I can trust you to find me a loyal and intelligent woman.

ALINE. In Society?

CROCKSTEAD. For preference. She will be better versed in spending money than a governess, or country parson's daughter.

ALINE. But why this voracity for marriage? (*Moving down.*)

CROCKSTEAD. Lady Aline, I am hunted, pestered, worried, persecuted. I have settled two breach of promise actions already, though Heaven knows I did no more than remark it was a fine day, or enquire after the lady's health. If you do not help me, some energetic woman will capture me—I feel it—and bully me for the rest of my days. I raise a despairing cry to you—Find me a wife!

ALINE. (R.) Do you desire the lady to have any—special qualifications?

CROCKSTEAD. No—the home-grown article will do. One thing, though—I should like her to be—merciful.

ALINE. I don't understand.

CROCKSTEAD. I have a vague desire to do something

with my money: my wife might help me. I should like her to have pity.

ALINE. Pity?

CROCKSTEAD. In the midst of her wealth I should wish her to be sorry for those who are poor.

ALINE. (*Nods.*) Yes. And, as regards the rest—(*Moving to below settee.*)

CROCKSTEAD. The rest I leave to you, with absolute confidence. You will help me?

ALINE. I will try. My choice is to be final?

CROCKSTEAD. Absolutely.

ALINE. I have an intimate friend—I wonder whether she would do?

CROCKSTEAD. Tell me about her.

ALINE. She and I made our *début* the same season. Like myself, she has hitherto been her mother's despair.

CROCKSTEAD. Because she has not yet—

ALINE. Married—yes. Oh, if men knew how hard the lot is of the portionless girl, who has to sit, and smile, and wait, with a very desolate heart—they would think less unkindly of her, perhaps—(*with a smile.*) But I am digressing, too.

CROCKSTEAD. Tell me more of your friend. (*Moving towards her.*)

ALINE. She is outwardly hard, and a trifle bitter, but I fancy sunshine would thaw her. There has not been much happiness in her life.

CROCKSTEAD. Would she marry a man she did not love?

ALINE. If she did, you would not respect her?

CROCKSTEAD. I don't say that. She will be your choice; and therefore deserving of confidence. Is she handsome?

ALINE. Well—no.

CROCKSTEAD. (*With a quick glance at her.*) That's a pity. But we can't have everything.

ALINE. No. There is one episode in her life that I feel she would like you to know—

CROCKSTEAD. If you are not betraying a confidence—

ALINE. (*Looking down.*) No. She loved a man, years ago, very dearly. They were too poor to marry, but they vowed to wait. Within six months she learned that he was engaged.

CROCKSTEAD. Ah!

ALINE. To a fat and wealthy widow—

CROCKSTEAD. The old story.

ALINE. Who was touring through India, and had been made love to by every unmarried officer in the regiment. She chose him.

CROCKSTEAD. (*Meaningly.*) India? (*Moving to her.*)

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ALINE. Yes.

CROCKSTEAD. I have an idea that I shall like you, friend. (*Taking her hand.*)

(*Music starts "God Save the King." Till curtain falls.*)

ALINE. I shall be careful to tell her all that you said to me—at the beginning—

CROCKSTEAD. It is quite possible that my remarks may not apply after all—

ALINE. But I believe myself, from what I know of you both that—if she marries you—it will not be—altogether—for your money.

CROCKSTEAD. Listen—they're playing "God Save the King." Will you be my wife, Aline?

ALINE. Yes—Harry. (*He takes her in his arms and kisses her.*)

CURTAIN.



# TWEEDLES

Comedy in 3 acts, by Booth Tarkington and Harry Leon Wilson. 5 males, 4 females. 1 interior. Costumes, modern. Plays 2½ hours.

Julian, scion of the blue-blooded Castleburys, falls in love with Winsora Tweedle, daughter of the oldest family in a Maine village. The Tweedles esteem the name because it has been rooted in the community for 200 years, and they look down on "summer people" with the vigor that only "summer boarder" communities know.

The Castleburys are aghast at the possibility of a match, and cail on the Tweedles to urge how impossible such an alliance would be. Mr. Castlebury laboriously explains the barrier of social caste, and the elder Tweedle takes it that these unimportant summer folk are terrified at the social eminence of the Tweedles.

Tweedle generously agrees to co-operate with the Castleburys to prevent the match. But Winsora brings her father to realize that in reality the Castleburys look upon them as inferiors. The old man is infuriated, and threatens vengeance, but is checkmated when Julian unearths a number of family skeletons and argues that father isn't a Tweedle, since the blood has been so diluted that little remains. Also, Winsora takes the matter into her own hands and outfaces the old man. So the youngsters go forth triumphant. "Tweedles" is Booth Tarkington at his best. (Royalty, twenty-five dollars.) Price, 75 Cents.

# JUST SUPPOSE

A whimsical comedy in 3 acts, by A. E. Thomas, author of "Her Husband's Wife," "Come Out of the Kitchen," etc. 6 males, 2 females. 1 interior, 1 exterior. Costumes, modern. Plays 2¼ hours.

It was rumored that during his last visit the Prince of Wales appeared for a brief spell under an assumed name somewhere in Virginia. It is on this story that A. E. Thomas based "Just Suppose." The theme is handled in an original manner. Linda Lee Stafford meets one George Shipley (in reality is the Prince of Wales). It is a case of love at first sight, but, alas, princes cannot select their mates and thereby hangs a tale which Mr. Thomas has woven with infinite charm. The atmosphere of the South with its chivalry dominates the story, touching in its sentiment and lightened here and there with delightful comedy. "Just Suppose" scored a big hit at the Henry Miller Theatre, New York, with Patricia Collinge. (Royalty, twenty-five dollars.)

Price, 75 Cents.

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## ON THE HIRING LINE

Comedy in 3 acts, by Harvey G'Higgins and Harriet Ford. 5 males, 4 females. Interior throughout. Costumes, modern. Plays 2½ hours.

Sherman Fessenden, unable to induce servants to remain for any reasonable length of time at his home, hits upon the novel expedient of engaging detectives to serve as domestics.

His second wife, an actress, weary of the country and longing for Broadway, has succeeded in discouraging every other cook and butler against remaining long at the house, believing that by so doing she will win her husband to her theory that country life is dead. So she is deeply disappointed when she finds she cannot discourage the new servants.

The sleuths, believing they had been called to report on the actions of those living with the Fessendens, proceeded to warn Mr. Fessenden that his wife has been receiving love-letters from Steve Mark, an actor friend, and that his daughter has been planning to elope with a thief.

One sleuth causes an uproar in the house, making a mess of the situations he has witnessed. Mr. Fessenden, however, has learned a lesson and is quite willing to leave the servant problem to his wife thereafter. (Royalty, twenty-five dollars.)

Price, 75 Cents.

## A FULL HOUSE

A farcical comedy in 3 acts. By Fred Jackson. 7 males, 7 females. One interior scene. Modern costumes. Time, 2½ hours.

Imagine a reckless and wealthy youth who writes ardent love letters to a designing chorus girl, an attorney brother-in-law who steals the letters and then gets his hand-bag mixed up with the grip of a burglar who has just stolen a valuable necklace from the mother of the indiscreet youth, and the efforts of the crook to recover his plunder, as incidents in the story of a play in which the swiftness of the action never halts for an instant. Not only are the situations screamingly funny but the lines themselves hold a fund of humor at all times. This newest and cleverest of all farces was written by Fred Jackson, the well-known short-story writer, and is backed up by the prestige of an impressive New York success and the promise of unlimited fun presented in the most attractive form. A cleaner, cleverer farce has not been seen for many a long day. "A Full House" is a house full of laughs. (Royalty, twenty-five dollars.)

Price, 75 Cents.

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# POLLYANNA

"The glad play," in 3 acts. By Catherine Chisholm Cushing. Based on the novel by Eleanor H. Porter. 5 males, 6 females. 2 interiors. Costumes, modern. Plays  $2\frac{1}{4}$  hours.

The story has to do with the experiences of an orphan girl who is thrust, unwelcome, into the home of a maiden aunt. In spite of the tribulations that beset her life she manages to find something to be glad about, and brings light into sunless lives. Finally, Pollyanna straightens out the love affairs of her elders, and last, but not least, finds happiness for herself in the heart of Jimmy. "Pollyanna" is a glad play and one which is bound to give one a better appreciation of people and the world. It reflects the humor, tenderness and humanity that gave the story such wonderful popularity among young and old.

Produced at the Hudson Theatre, New York, and for two seasons on tour, by George C. Tyler, with Helen Hayes in the part of "Pollyanna." (Royalty, twenty-five dollars.) Price, 75 Cents.

## ( THE CHARM SCHOOL

A comedy in 3 acts. By Alice Duer Miller and Robert Milton. 6 males, 10 females (may be played by 5 males and 8 females). Any number of school girls may be used in the ensembles. Scenes, 2 interiors. Modern costumes. Plays  $2\frac{1}{2}$  hours.

The story of "The Charm School" is familiar to Mrs. Miller's readers. It relates the adventures of a handsome young automobile salesman, scarcely out of his 'teens, who, upon inheriting a girls' boarding-school from a maiden aunt, insists on running it himself, according to his own ideas, chief of which is, by the way, that the dominant feature in the education of the young girls of to-day should be CHARM. The situations that arise are teeming with humor—clean, wholesome humor. In the end the young man gives up the school, and promises to wait until the most precocious of his pupils reaches a marriageable age. The play has the freshness of youth, the inspiration of an extravagant but novel idea, the charm of originality, and the promise of wholesome, sanely amusing, pleasant entertainment. We strongly recommend it for high school production. It was first produced at the Bijou Theatre, New York, then toured the country. Two companies are now playing it in England. (Royalty, twenty-five dollars.) Price, 75 Cents.

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# NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH

Comedy in 3 acts. By James Montgomery. 5 males, 6 females. Modern costumes. 2 interiors. Plays 2½ hours.

Is it possible to tell the absolute truth—even for twenty-four hours? It is—at least Bob Bennett, the hero of "Nothing but the Truth," accomplished the feat. The bet he made with his partners, his friends, and his fiancée—these are the incidents in William Collier's tremendous comedy hit. "Nothing but the Truth" can be whole-heartedly recommended as one of the most sprightly, amusing and popular comedies of which this country can boast. (Royalty, twenty-five dollars.) Price, 75 Cents.

## SEVENTEEN

A comedy of youth, in 4 acts. By Booth Tarkington. 8 males, 6 females. 1 exterior, 2 interior scenes. Costumes, modern. Plays 2½ hours.

It is the tragedy of William Sylvanus Baxter that he has ceased to be sixteen and is not yet eighteen. Baby, child, boy, youth and grown-up are definite phenomena. The world knows them and has learned to put up with them. Seventeen is not an age, it is a disease. In its turbulent bosom the leavings of a boy are at war with the beginnings of a man.

In his heart, William Sylvanus Baxter knows all the tortures and delights of love; he is capable of any of the heroisms of his heroic sex. But he is still sent on the most humiliating errands by his mother, and depends upon his father for the last rickel of spending money.

Silly Bill fell in love with Lolo, the Baby-Talk Lady, a vapid if amiable little flirt. To woo her in a manner worthy of himself (and incidentally of her) he stole his father's evening clothes. When his wooings became a nuisance to the neighborhood, his mother stole the clothes back, and had them altered to fit the middle-aged form of her husband, thereby keeping William at home in the evening.

But when it came to the Baby-Talk Lady's good-bye dance, not to be present was unendurable. How William Sylvanus again got the dress suit, and how as he was wearing it at the party the negro servant, Genesis, disclosed the fact that the proud garment was in reality his father's, are some of the elements in this charming comedy of youth.

"Seventeen" is a story of youth, love and summer time. It is a work of exquisite human sympathy and delicious humor. Produced by Stuart Walker at the Booth Theatre, New York, it enjoyed a run of four years in New York and on the road. Strongly recommended for High School production. (Royalty, twenty-five dollars.) Price, 75 Cents.

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cowboys." A rollicking good story, full of action, atmosphere,  
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